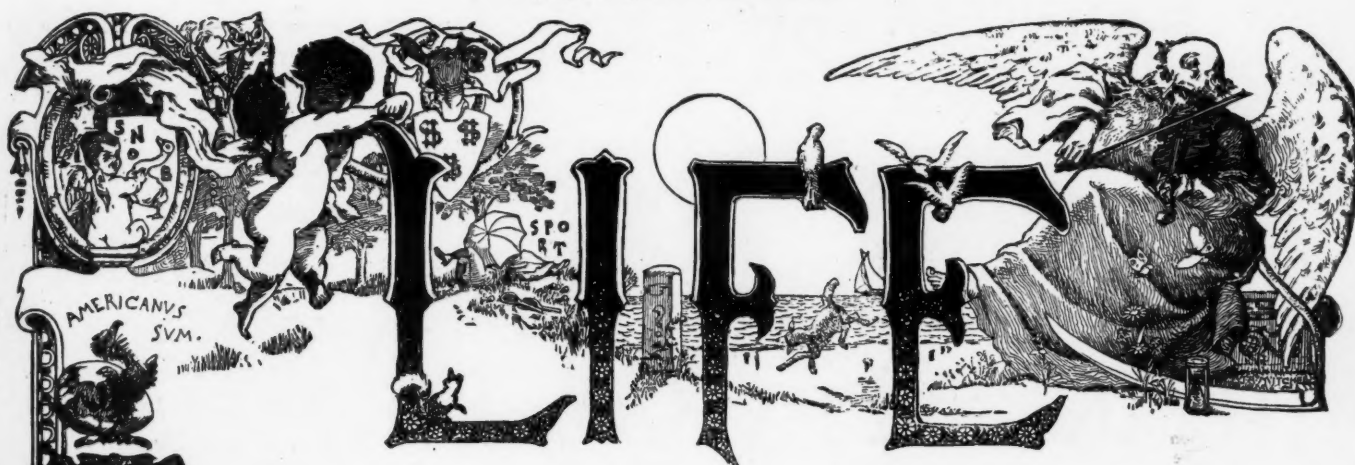


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IF HE IS A MAN.

He: I COULD HYPNOTIZE YOU SO THAT WITHIN AN HOUR YOU WOULD THROW
YOUR ARMS AROUND MY NECK.

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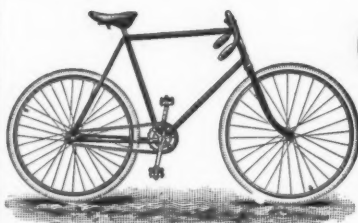
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Jocular Missionary: NOW, THAT'S A MAN AFTER MY OWN HEART!

SOMETHING MISSING.

I KNOW that she is gone away,
Because the sodden skies are gray
Instead of blue;
Because the sun shines hot and fierce,
Or else too cold and weak to pierce
The dull clouds through.

Because the thronging crowds I meet
Wear mournful faces on the street,
And downcast eyes;
The horses have a jaded look;
The sparrow chirps from out his nook
With restless cries.

I know that she is gone away,
Because each moment seems a day;
Each day a year;
Because the city lacks that grace
Which marks her mere abiding place
When she is here!

Harry Romaine.

A CRUEL JOKE.

WE understand from our special Washington correspondent that if you come up behind a Senator on Pennsylvania Avenue and say "Sugar!" to him, he turns about with a start, changes from white to red, sputters as if very angry, then pulls himself together and asks, in a dignified manner, what you mean.

It may sound like a cruel sport, but the man who in these days would kill a buffalo and spare a United States Senator is no patriot.

THE USUAL COURSE.

BURGLAR BILL: I say, Sam, wouldn't it be a pleasant an' comfortable thing if there wasn't any laws agin robbin'?

SAFE CRACKER SAM (*thoughtfully*): Le's git elected to the Legislature.

"WHAT does Barlow mean when he speaks of his ancestral halls?"

"I dunno. Maybe his father was a truck driver."

PRACTICAL AUNT: Do you think you are qualified to become the wife of a poor man?

SWEET GIRL: Oh, yes, it's all fixed. We are to live in a cottage, and I know how to make cottage pudding.



AFTER THE FOURTH.

"THE CANNON WENT OFF ALL OF A SUDDENT, MUM, AS HE WUZ A BLOWIN' INTO IT. YOU HAD BETTER PUT HIM TO BED, FOR I THINK HIS STUMMICK IS FILLED WITH POWDER!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIV. JULY 5, 1894. NO. 601.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents.
Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



THE new college graduate is at home again by this time, or has joined his folks at the seashore, or is on his way to Europe with this copy of LIFE

in his hand, and has leisure at last to listen to a few remarks. What is said to him at Commencement and for a fortnight

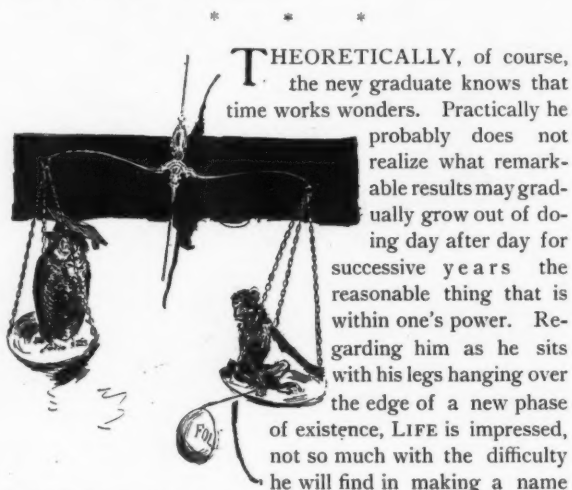
before, naturally affects him little, so many claims there are upon his attention, and particularly so many last ceremonies, stirrup cups and farewells, that baccalaureate exhorters ought not to expect to reach his mind. But now that he has quit the classic shades, and his nine has played its last game, and his crew rowed its race, his mind will perhaps have regained the receptive attitude.



NOT that LIFE has so very much to say to him. He is not a senior any more, but just a plain, common man, like the rest of us. The drop is considerable. In the ordinary course of things there are few collapses possible that are to be compared with it in suddenness and intensity. But it is the common lot, and that helps to make it

tolerable, and another thing that helps is that the new graduate has discounted it all beforehand. It is conceded on all sides that the editors and paragraphers and ink-slinging philosophers generally have dealt so faithfully in times past with the new graduate that there is no longer any conceit left in him, and when he emerges nowadays from his *alma mater's* embrace he fetches away a state of mind that is, if anything, even more self-deprecatory than it should be. Blessed is he that expecteth little, for he shall not be disappointed. But he must not overdo it. It is better to risk

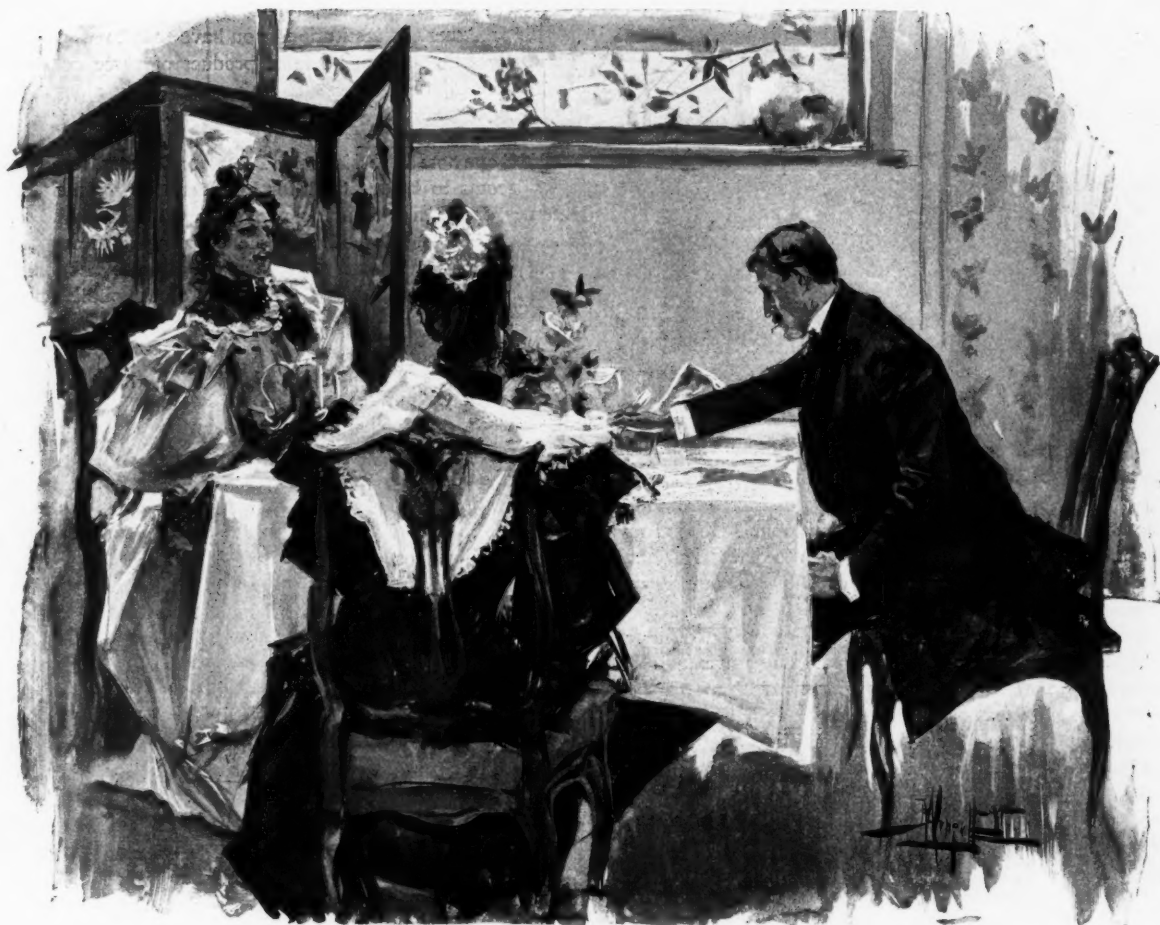
some reasonable setbacks than to suffer the solid disadvantages which come from not expecting enough. Let the new graduate recognize that the world is full of good things, and that he has as good a chance as other men—a far better chance than the majority of other men—to get his share of them. Let him comfort himself with the recollection that in thirty or forty years time the great majority of the men who are great and famous now, and have good jobs, will have quit work, and other persons will be drawing their salaries and enjoying their various emoluments.



THEORETICALLY, of course, the new graduate knows that time works wonders. Practically he probably does not realize what remarkable results may gradually grow out of doing day after day for successive years the reasonable thing that is within one's power. Regarding him as he sits with his legs hanging over the edge of a new phase of existence, LIFE is impressed, not so much with the difficulty he will find in making a name

and a living on this bustling planet, as with the excellent pickings this planet affords to people who are qualified to gather them. And what sort of people are qualified? People of extraordinary gifts? Exceptional people? Oh, yes; sometimes; but the bulk of them are honest folks who have some sense, some education, some intelligence, some patience and some fidelity, and who are able to keep as much rum as is necessary out of their insides and to do some sort of a day's work about three hundred times a year. Surely these are not very exacting qualifications, but if the new graduate has them and lives up to them, it is not over-bold of him to expect to find the world a fairly lucrative field for labor. It is full of chances and the people who get them are the people who have got all ready to take them. It is the getting ready beforehand that is important, and that is a matter of daily labor which has to be personally performed. The chances take care of themselves, and just about as many seem to come to men who can't improve them as to men who can.

IT is an interesting world full of work to be done and of people who want to be paid for doing it, full of folks whom it is good to help and of others whom it is desirable to hinder. Come down here in the ring, young Mr. New Graduate, and learn to do your act. It is good for you to be here, and LIFE hopes that you will like it, and that you may learn quickly, and perform well, and command the approval of the spectators.



Righteous Wife (at breakfast): HENRY, WILL YOU ASK A BLESSING ?

Henry (examining hash): WE'VE BLESSED EVERYTHING HERE BEFORE, DEAR.

CONSISTENT.

GRIMES: Now, look here, Hawhaw! Do you think it exactly consistent in you, a Republican, to write sarcastic jokes about ex-President Harrison, simply because you can make a few paltry dollars by so doing?

MR. HAWHAW (*a professional humorist*): Why, certainly. I wrote Mr. Harrison, the other day, that if he could make any money by writing sarcastic jokes about me to feel perfectly free to do so.

THIS is from an English paper:

One feels when reading an account of the horrors perpetrated in the vivisectionist's laboratories that if these experimentalists would leave the lower animals (as they are called) alone and would vivisect each other, society and science would be all the better for the change, and what is now sickening literature, and nothing else, would become in the hands of a graphic chronicler as interesting as the account of a trial for murder in France or a description of a Chinese execution.

There is an excellent idea in this, and if there is a movement on foot to have it put in practice, LIFE may be counted on to lend a hand.

JONES: So Smith gave you a cigar?

BROWN: Yes, but I was in luck. Neither of us had a match.



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OUR FRESH AIR FUND.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$573.21	Fresh Air Fund.....	\$ 3.00
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BOOK REVIEWS AND THE COUNTING-ROOM.

IN one of those charming little volumes of Harper's American Essayists, Professor H. H. Boyesen has gathered, under the title "Literary and Social Silhouettes," a number of his occasional papers on topics connected with current literature. One of the best things that you carry away from these essays is the impression of a fair-minded and appreciative man, who has seen enough of older countries and civilizations to be very hopeful in regard to the new country which he has adopted as his own. He is always an optimist, but with his eyes wide open to defects. That is a most healthy attitude for any man to take toward his own work and his countrymen's.

It is a curious thing that, with the exception of a few irreconcilable Englishmen, the most aggressive and enthusiastic Americanism of the present day is apt to show itself among citizens of foreign birth. They have such an intimate knowledge of old-world conditions that they appreciate to the uttermost the peculiar advantages of the

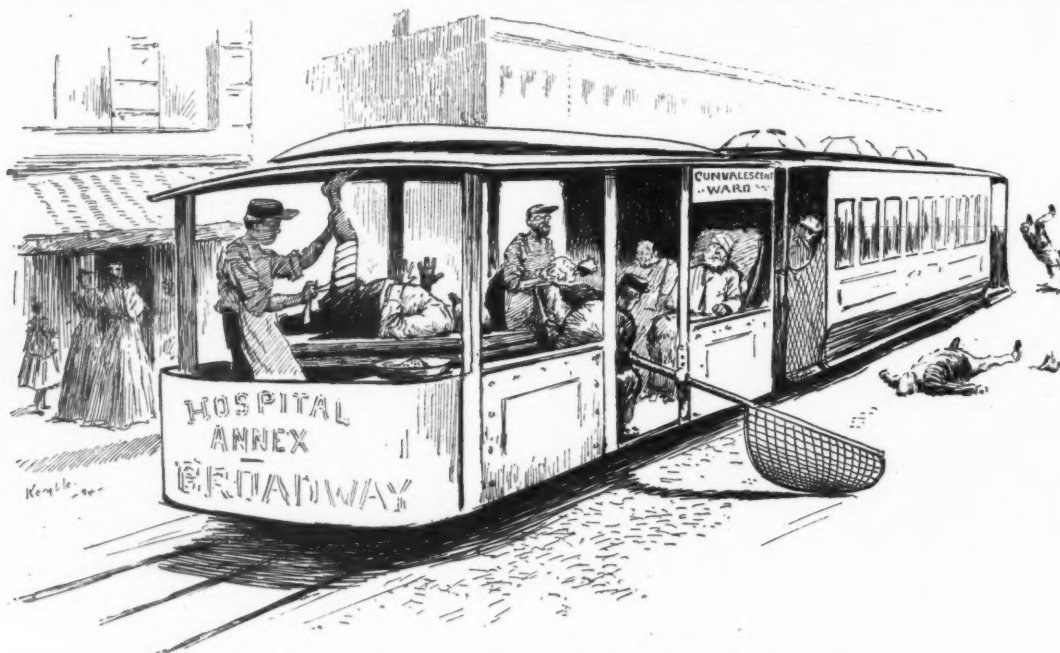
new. On the other hand, for the rankest pessimism in regard to American institutions, you have only to talk confidentially with the super-refined product of three or four generations of old American stock, particularly along the northeastern seaboard.

THE one note of pessimism in Professor Boyesen's volume seems to be reserved for his essay on "American Literary Criticism." He finds, particularly in the daily press, a very close connection between the counting-room and the literary editor's table—so that the space given to a book is apt to bear a direct relation to the ability of the publisher to advertise.

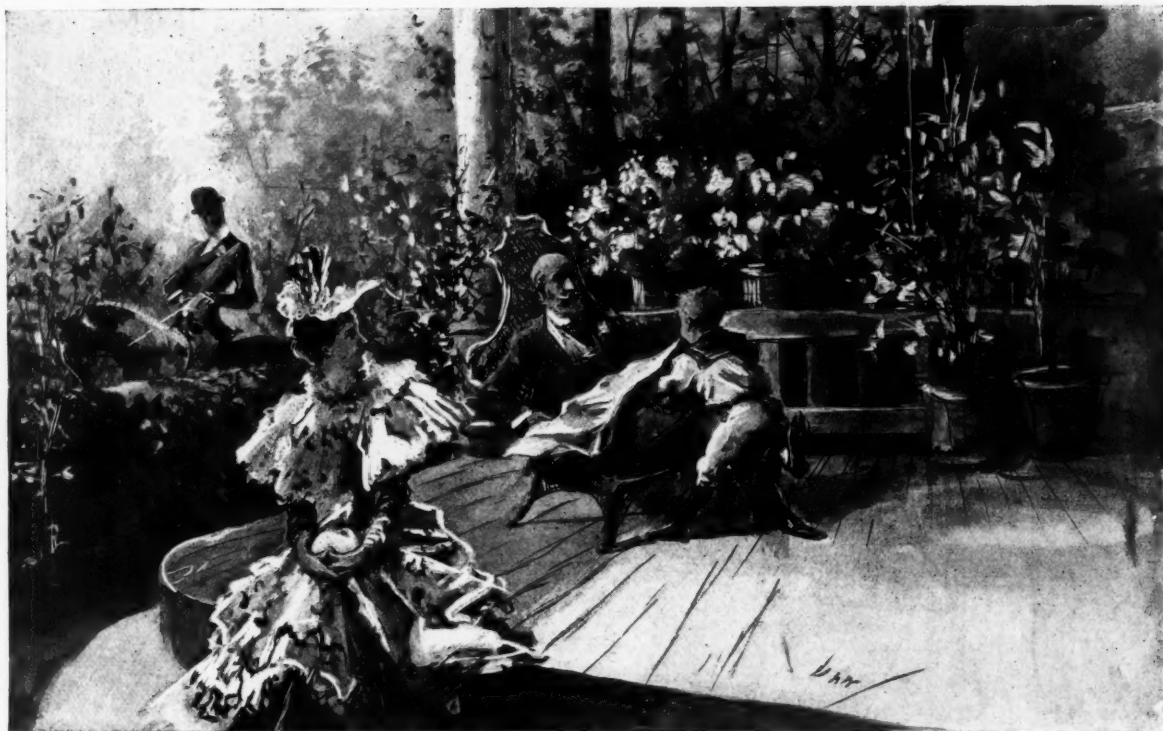
It seems to me that Professor Boyesen has exaggerated this defect which lives more vividly in the cynical imagination of certain "journalists" than is justified by fact. There are no doubt many instances of boycotting in the literary columns the books of a publisher who persistently refuses to advertise—but if the literary editor is permitted to write about the book at all, his opinion is generally untrammelled. The space that he gives a particular book is his own concern, as is the tone of his criticism.

Of course in most newspaper offices, it is generally understood that the books written by the near relatives of the chief proprietor's wife should be treated with respect—but so far as the chief proprietor's own relatives and friends are concerned he usually takes great satisfaction in seeing them neatly and efficiently damned by his subordinates.

In short, it seems to me that an author has far more to fear from the small personal vanities and spites of the literary



A NECESSARY ADDITION, IF THE PRESENT MANAGEMENT OF THE BROADWAY CABLE CARS IS TO CONTINUE.



Papa: WAS MR. SANDYMAN HERE LAST EVENING? I LOOKED INTO THE PARLOR AND SAW NO ONE BUT YOU.

Clara: WHY, YES, FATHER, HE WAS THERE.

Papa: STRANGE I DIDN'T SEE HIM.

Willie: I GUESS HE MUST HAVE GOT INTO THE CHAIR FIRST!

critic himself, than from the sinister manœuvring of the counting-room—which has so many more important financial problems to deal with that it can't waste time on the minutiae of literary criticism. In the "great" newspapers it is looked upon as a necessary evil, and is used more or less as "filling" on off days when the news is light. The things which really arouse the critical attention of a first-class counting-room must at least reach the importance of a Baking Powder or Soap Ad. Those fellows often take a page at a time!

But the man or woman (particularly the woman) who has reviewed books for five or ten years has accumulated an array of prejudices and personal animosities that appal the ordinary generous-minded man of commerce. You can never tell when you are going to touch off the fire-works. And the most unfair of them all is apt to be the specially retained "specialist" who writes only on books of a certain class, because he is believed to "know it all." And in every criticism that he writes he is expected to justify his omniscience at the expense of the other fellow and his book.

For this reason a careful reader of the press will tell you that some of the best literary criticism current will be found in the columns of certain provincial newspapers where it is written by a good "all round" man who loves

books and reading for their own sakes, and not because of any faction or school which they represent. *Droch.*



"WELL, TOM, WHAT SORT O' FOURTH DID YOU HAVE?"

Tom: ARE YER BLIND?



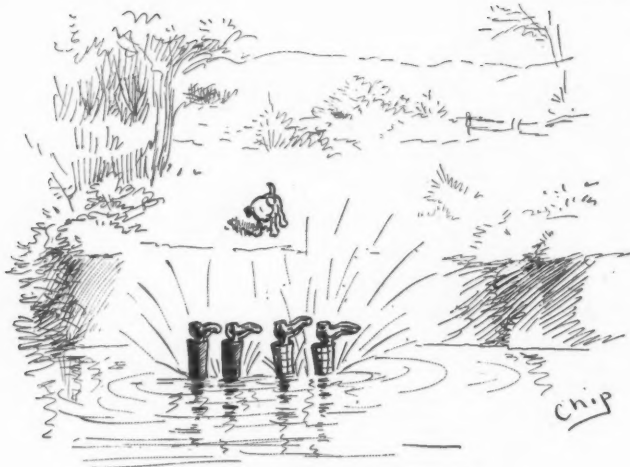
IN BY THE STAG

"THE REPORT THAT BISHOP GULLEM HAD LEFT THE MINISTRY AND STILL IN PARIS GATHERING MATERIAL FOR A BOOK."—*Extract from the H*



THE STAGE DOOR.

THE MINISTER AND HAD BECOME A THEATRICAL MANAGER IS UNTRUE. HE IS
TRACT FROM THE HIGH CHURCHMAN.



"FALLING IN WITH A FRIEND."

JULY.

I LOOK across the way and there—
Where once she used to lean
Coquetting on the window sill—
The woodbine's wandering green
Climbs up unheeded and unchid
And settling thickly down
Upon its leaves the dust lies white—
There's nobody in town.

But often just at twilight time
There comes a little stir
Amongst the vines that in my heart
Awakes a hope of her.
And eagerly I breathe her name,
For gossips cannot frown
Upon a lover's foolish whims
When nobody's in town.

"Can that be you, sweet Prue?" I call.
Alas! 'Tis all in vain—
A mocking echo brings the words
Back like a sad refrain.
I catch no glimpse of her dear face,
No fluttering of her gown;
It is the wind that moves the leaves—
There's nobody in town!

M. E. W.

PROPOS of the recovery of the ensign of the Kearsarge, a contemporary ventures to think there is something very queer and very discreditable about the way the whole ship's company of the Kearsarge went ashore and left all her most indispensable properties behind. It is queer, and no explanation that has been ventured yet explains it.

FATHER (*despondently*): I am at a loss to know what James will be when he grows up. He is too indolent to learn anything, and simply knows nothing of what is going on around him.

OLD FRIEND: Why don't you make him a professional juryman?

A REVEREND WING SHOT.

REV. DR. RAINSFORD, of St. George's Episcopal Church, New York, is an enthusiastic sportsman and would walk ten miles any day to find a good hunting ground. On the subject he is eloquent. The Doctor is one of the finest wing shots in the country.—*Philadelphia Record*. This is how he obeys the injunction of his Divine Master and preaches the Gospel to every creature. The Gospel reaches the poor birds in the shape of a leaden missile of death!—*Ex*.

This sounds a little hard on the reverend sport, but we are afraid the *Ex*. is looking at him from the right point of view. Those who preach the gospel of mercy for a profession are a trifle inconsistent when they spend too much time in projecting shot into peaceable animals just for the fun of it.

WHAT THE DOCTOR'S BOY ACCOMPLISHED.





LIFE'S GLOSSARY OF EVERY-DAY EXPRESSIONS.

COMPILED WITH(OUT) THE AID OF THE EDITORS OF THE CENTURY DICTIONARY.

PANTATA: (*Der. Fin de siècle Bohemian.*) A friendly person, usually a police officer, who is able for a consideration to read in advance the minds of police authorities in the matter of raids, saloon-closing, etc.



CINCH: (*Der. Cowboy dialect. Syn. Sure thing, certainly.*) Ability to win possessed before the race by horses that do not succeed in winning.

SUFFRAGIST: A female person, with few or no home ties, and a desire to see her name in print.

A. P. A.: A secret

organization with praiseworthy objects but doubtful methods.

PROTECTION: 1. A commodity of which the New York Police Department has a monopoly, and which is retailed to law-breakers at the largest prices the traffic will bear.

2. An exploded theory of Political Economy used largely by the Republican Party for the manufacture of bug-a-boos to scare American manufacturers and laborers.

SUMMER GIRL: (*Der. Contemporary paragraphists.*) A mythical person invented by verse-writers and jokers to typify the disappointment of young men with serious matrimonial intentions.

TAMMANY: (*Der. Manhattan Indian. Syn. Brigand, bandit, robber, thief.*) A philanthropic organization intended to further the financial interests of its members.

CHICAGOED: (*Der. The name of an ancient city once the site of a world's fair.*) Anything which has sunk into



Amusements.

CORBETT —AND— JACKSON

IN THEIR AMUSING COMEDY,

"A SCRAP OF PAPER."

PUTTING IT STRAIGHT.

"IF you don't pay that money I'll have you clapped into Ludlow Street jail."

"But, my dear fellow, if I could afford to lie in Ludlow Street jail, I could afford to pay you."



oblivion and is of no importance; hence, a blank score at any game or sport.

CHAPERON: (*Der.* Modern French.) Originally an elderly and sedate female person used by Anglomaniacs to serve as an air-brake on the kittenish tendencies of the unmarried females of their families. Later, any married female either deaf and near-sighted or more kittenish than the persons committed to her charge.

MARGIN: A sum of money donated by a lamb (*q. v.*) to a stock-broker.

LAMB: A being with small cerebral development created to furnish sustenance for stock-brokers.

BLUE-STOCKING: (*Der.* French of the post-revolutionary period.) A female resident of the City of Boston, irrespective of the color of her hosiery.

FOOTBALL: (*Der.* An English game in which an inflated ball was kicked about by the feet.) Legalized assault and battery, or assault with intent to kill.

JUROR: (*Syn.* Idiot, ignoramus.) A person of limited intelligence with an aversion to reading.

SOCIETY: A general term appropriated by an association of weak-minded people afflicted with a love of display and an unopposed desire to flock by themselves.

POET: The name applied to members of an extinct race of literary persons.

GREEN-GOODS: (*Der.* Bowery vernacular.) Sawdust or other valueless material sold at large prices to unread countrymen by agents of the New York Police Department.

HORSE-RACE: A sport devised to equalize wealth.

ACTOR: A person largely interested in his own pursuits and personality.

BEE: (*Syn.* Craving, desire, intention.) An active insect, at this time usually to be found buzzing in the hats of gentlemen prominent in the Republican party. *Metcalfe.*

PRETTY PEARLINA'S PASSION;

OR,

The Most Loveliest Cash-Lady in Hoboken.

A THRILLING TALE OF PROUD PRIDE.

By MRS. GASOLINE PHLEGMMY,

Author of "Tuttifrutti's Ten Lovers," "Why She Slapped Him," "Only a Cook-Lady," Etc., Etc.

(This Story will not be Published in Book Form.)

CHAPTER I.

"I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was saw, but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hair-pin!"

PRETTY Pearlina was walking along the road which extended from the city to the little village where she lived with her widowed mother and father, and sixteen little orphans. The sky was blue, with here and there a piece of white cloud, and several very nice rolled-gold streaks from the sun which was going down real fast in the east. Green grass covered the fields like a carpet of velveteen, and upon the fore-limbs of the stately oaks sweet songsters poured out great streams of fluid melody.

Lightly tripping herself up through this nice scene of Mamma Nature, Pretty Pearlina, the most loveliest cash-lady in Hoboken, made a delicious picture. In fact, it would be real mean to call her less than a mezzotint. She was as beautiful as a dream after the ball. Her threadbare garments—which she wore very short in the skirt and sleeves, and low in the neck, after the manner of cash-lady heroines—did not conceal the exquisite wondrousness of her sylph-like form. But there was a tiny frown upon her lovely face, and her rosebud lips wore quite a good-sized pout.



I'm the most beautiful beauty that ever was saw," she murmured, stamping her dainty foot, "but I can't be happy without a rich lover and a silver hair-pin!"

She did not see the feet-steps of her floor-walker behind her, and she jumped 'way up when he hissed between his front teeth:

"Aha, aha, Pretty Pearlina, so I have discovered why you have refused my heart and both of my hands every Saturday night for two years! You hope to capture some Hoboken swell! But it shall not be! Neverrrr!!! I swear——"

Before he could swear, a tall, handsome young man, with a curled moustache and creased pants, sprang forward and threw him upward, out of sight.

"Oh, what a lovely man!" screamed Pearlina to herself. "I wonder if he would fall in love with me at first sight if I was rich?"

She raised her hinged eyelids, fringe and all, to his, and a double-edged pain of delight hit both their hearts at once. In a moment he had wound his new overcoat sleeves several times around her slender waist; and as she leaned her back-hair against his chrysanthemum, their mouths met in one long, wide kiss.

"Pretty Pearlina," he cried, instinctively knowing her name and address, "be mine and you shall have a silver hair-pin and never do anything but breathe!"

At that moment a cold, haughty beauty, with the usual quantity of curling lip, disdainful eye, and cruel sneer, confronted the lovers.

"Aha, Reginald Smythe-Smith, so this is the howness with which you keep your promise to me! Aha! And you, you nasty, horrid thing! You think to wip him from me, but in one instant and a half you die!!"

A flash of steel, and a silver hair-pin lay interred in Pearlina's cream-puff sleeve. With remarkable presence of mind, our hero extracted it without pain, and presented it to our heroine as a betrothal gift.

"Ain't it nice!" cried Pretty Pearlina, using her flute-like tones.

Hearing a sharp click, Reginald let up on the shower of assorted kisses that he was raining upon the lovely turned up face near his ascot, and groaned, "All is lost!" For the haughty beauty covered them with an army musket that she had concealed in the folds of her dress.

Pretty Pearlina pressed his collar button into the stern of Reginald's neck, and remarked: "E-e-ee!"

Hearing a rush of air above them, our hero looked up.

"Saved!" he yelled; and, even as he spoke, down came the floor-walker on top of the villainess. Our hero had thrown him so high that he had just returned to earth. A loud explosion followed, and

The continuation of Mrs. Gasoline Phlegmmy's brilliant romance entitled:

PRETTY PEARLINA'S PASSION,
will be found in No. 1111 of

THE SUICIDE COMPANION,
now ready and for sale by all noose-dealers.

Wallace D. Vincent.



FRED IS TOLD TO BUY SOME CATNIP FOR TABBY.



HE BUYS IT AND—



BECOMES A POPULAR FAVORITE.



FARMER CROWDER had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull up the corn as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I tell you how to get away with the crows," said Neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"Get you a gallon of mean whisky and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beats pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's bodaciously ruind," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' your'n and it's a humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and the next mornin' I went down to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a devil of a fuss down nigh the branch, and went to see what it was. Thar was a dad-blasted old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn and had it on a stump, and he was retailing it out to the others, givin' 'em one grain of that sort fur three grains of my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't been and clawed up that hull field by sections."—*Atlanta Journal*.

How completely the sense of a sentence is altered by the omission of an initial letter is shown in the following selections from various papers:

"The conflict was dreadful, and the enemy was repulsed with great laughter."

"In consequence of the numerous accidents occasioned by skating on Taunton Lake, measures are to be taken to put a top to it."

"When the President's wife entered the humble sitting room of the mine she was politely handed a hair."

"At a large dinner given last night at the —, nothing was eatable but the owls."

"A man was yesterday arrested on the charge of having eaten a cabman for demanding more than his fare."

"An employee in the service of the government was accused of having stolen a small ox from the Boston mail; the stolen property was found in his vest pocket."

"The Russian soldier, Kachkinoffoskewsky was found dead with a long word sticking in his throat."—*Exchange*.

GENERAL OGLE, a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly, had been deputed to compose an address to the newly elected President, Andrew Jackson. When the bluff old warrior submitted his document to the House, a fellow member, a dapper little fellow from Philadelphia, observed:

"Pardon me, General. I hesitate about making any suggestion to so distinguished an individual; but I cannot refrain from saying that it is customary with cultured letter writers to write the first personal pronoun with a capital 'I' instead of a small 'i'."

General Ogle returned a look of scorn. "Sir," said he, "when I write to so great a man as General Andrew Jackson, Democratic President of the United States, I abase myself. I abase myself, sir. I use as small an 'i' as I can put upon paper. But, sir, if ever I should have to write to a little snipe like you, I would use an 'I,' sir, that would fill two pages of foolscap!"—*Munsey's Magazine*.

In the summer of 1864, several wounded officers and two or three privates were going up the valley of Virginia. A rain came on and all hands took shelter for the night in a schoolhouse.

It happened that in the course of the night a skunk found its way under the floor, and by and by announced its presence after its well-known effective manner.

The officers all waked up, but being gentlemen and each supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At last one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"My! my!" he exclaimed. "Dish is too bad! Dey shleeps und I wakes und I ish got to shmell it all!"—*Southern Bivouac*.

At Point Lookout the men started to build a platform out into the bay which was not completed. Connecting boards along the spiles furnished an excellent opportunity for fishing. On one of these I sat trolling for spotted-tail bass—a fish there found—and O'Donnell was "still" fishing from another two or three rods distant. He caught a flounder, evidently the first he ever saw. Holding it aloft as it twirled around, alternately showing the dark and flat white sides, he summed up his ichthyological astonishment in the following soliloquy:

"Be jabbers! Oi'll fish a long spell before I get the other half of yez."—*Boston Journal*.

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"WHUT'd dey give ye?" asked Plodding Pete. "Piece 'er Switzer cheese," replied Meandering Mike.

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"Whut doin'?" "Helpin' make armor plate fur guv'ment ships."—*Washington Star*.

A YOUNG curate was traveling through the northern part of Maine on a shooting expedition. He chanced to see a farmhouse in the distance, and stopped to inquire if there were any Episcopalians in the vicinity. The woman replied, "I don't know, but my son John shot something near here yesterday, but I think he called it a woodcock."—*Exchange*.

THERE is much tenderness in the seemingly cruel world—but the butcher rarely finds it.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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FIVE-YEAR-OLD FLOSSIE had been battling with her mother all day. "There, child," said the latter on putting the child to bed, "sleep well, and don't be so cross when you wake up."

"I notice," retorted little Flossie, "when it's me you say 'cross'—when it's you you say 'nervous.'"—*Pearson's Weekly*.

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You can imagine what a position I was in.—*Waverly Magazine*.

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LITTLE EMMA: Then I suppose my brother Fritz is an Antipode, eh?—*Fliegende Blätter*.

LAWYER: On what do you base your opinion that the defendant is naturally of a peaceable disposition?

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